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The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Coming American

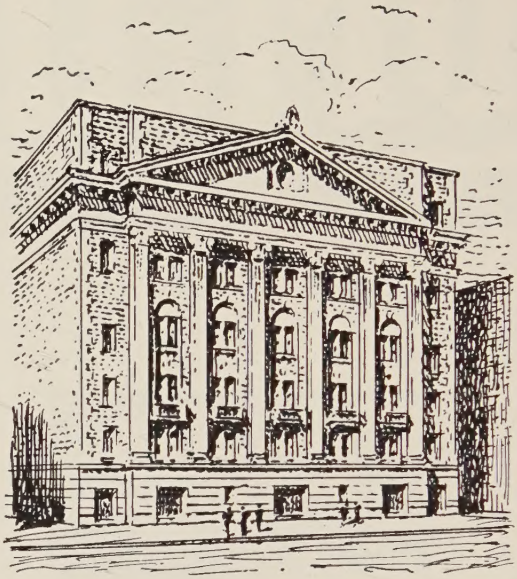
by Sam Walter Foss

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ampler destinies,
Pioneers to cleanse thought's marshlands,
  And to cleanse old error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
  Bring me men!

. . . . .

Bring me men to match my rivers,
  Continent cleansers, flowing free,
Drawn by eternal madness,
  To be mingled with the sea—
Men of oceanic impulse,
  Men whose moral currents sweep
Toward the wide, infolding ocean
  Of an undiscovered deep—
Men who feel the strong pulsation
  Of the central sea, and then
Time their currents by its earth throbs—
  Bring me Men.

(From Best Loved Poems of the American People. Hazel Felleman)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

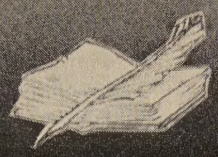
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX *October, 1952* *Number 7*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IT IS a long way by land and sea from the Hotel de Paris in Paris, France, to Arden Lodge on Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota. My last article for "Along the Way" was written in France. This morning I am writing on the porch at Arden, at the table where Mother used to sit and write her lovely articles about her garden and the island home. I can see her garden, the lilacs she loved so deeply, the tall pines which gave her such inspiration, and through the foliage, colorful glimpses of the restless waves of our beloved Lake Vermilion.

The date on which I write is the 11th of September and the fall mood is all about us here. Brilliant red has come to the maples, the birches are already tinted with gold, the pine needles are falling, yesterday a flock of pine-warblers came to the island and spent several hours before leaving for their winter haven in the southland. We have many species of warblers nesting on the island and undoubtedly some who visited us yesterday had found their way back to their birthplace. All about the little island are unmistakable signs of fall. Nature is getting ready for the long rest of winter. Because of the failure of the blueberry crop our bears are hungry and are becoming bolder as they come out to the highways and come nearer the cottages in search of food. The deer are plentiful and are seen frequently.

All of these things mean we must turn our way homeward to our church and our work. Another summer is passing into memory. Another winter beckons. Life goes on and we must "meet the current when it serves or lose our venture."

* * *

During the summer we traveled over 10,000 miles. Now that we are home our hearts are filled with gratitude that we experienced no accidents, no ill health, and found only inspiration, information and benefit from the summer. The letters from home were a constant joy even though each one brought the news of someone we knew who had made the Great Adventure. The experiences, the people we met, the places we visited and the reactions from them will probably find a place in the sermons, lectures, radio addresses and conversations of the winter ahead.

Because of the many visits I have

made to Europe, I have made friends with people who invite us to their homes. We are therefore able to get a better understanding of the people than the usual tourists who know only hotel life. You can visit cathedrals, castles, centers of art and music, public buildings, museums, and see scenery in abundance, but you never know people until you visit them in their home. There they are at their best. There they tell you what they think. There the real character is projected. We were guests in Irish, English, Scottish and French homes. We believe we formed a clearer opinion of the many national and international problems from these homes than from any other media. We have never known such graciousness, such hospitality and such understanding as we found this summer. If we could increase this opportunity a thousandfold it would do more for the world than all the organizations in existence today.

* * *

This year, for the first time in several trips, I visited Scotland. Edinburgh has always been one of the most fascinating cities to me. After landing by steamer from Larne, Ireland to Stranraer, Scotland, we went by train to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The steamer journey was a joy. Smooth seas, brilliant sunshine and interesting scenery. As the coast of Ireland faded, the rugged coast of Scotland grew more distinct. The time it takes to make the journey is all too short. A fine, sturdy, seaworthy ship carried us to Scotland. We didn't see an American on the ship. Between Ireland, England and Scotland they usually use the more famous routes, but there is none more fascinating than the shortest sea route of all—Larne to Stranraer.

We didn't tarry long in Glasgow but went almost immediately to Edinburgh. How we longed to spend weeks in this great city! The world-famous Edinburgh festival was soon to begin. People were arriving from all over Europe and America. The city was assuming a festive air. Edinburgh Castle dominates the city. Walking the Royal Mile from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace is an event in one's life. I did it 38 years ago and the impression of that far-away walk remained so vividly that, as I repeated the walk this summer it was like a stroll amid old and familiar places. We stopped and visited the John Knox House—the home of the man whose prayers made Mary, Queen of Scots, tremble. He is buried in the Parliament Yard. We stopped in at the Parliament Buildings and Courts. We went into a Court Room where a case was being tried according to Scottish law and custom, the lawyers appearing in white wigs, white ties and robes. The Judge wore a white wig, a long red gown and white tie. The whole procedure was very formal and very dignified.

Holyrood Palace is one of the few residences now being used by the Royal Family which is open to visitors. Of course it is not open when Royalty is in residence. The week before we visited Holyrood the Queen and her family had been in residence, but as no member of the family was there it was possible for us to visit the Palace. We were shown all of the magnificent state apartments. Of special interest to us was Queen Victoria's drawing room and Prince Albert's room. The Throne Room was impressive and as we stood in silent curiosity, gazing on the two chairs on a dais at the end of the spacious room, we thought of how the years of yesterday had faded into the changes of today. The tapestries and paintings of the old masters which adorn the walls delight the eye and soul of all who love beauty. We deeply

regretted that we did not have more time in Edinburgh, but we had to get on to Newcastle upon Tyne and London where I was to preach Sunday. Reluctantly we left Edinburgh on the fine, all-Pullman train, the "Queen of Scots," at noon and in mid-afternoon were in Newcastle upon Tyne.

* * *

Our purpose in going to Newcastle upon Tyne was not to preach or lecture or to sightsee, but to visit a very dear old friend—the Reverend Herbert Barnes. I had often preached for Mr. Barnes in the pulpit of his famous church, Church of the Divine Unity. After a successful pastorate of many years, and a few years after he had built an attractive new edifice, he retired to a lovely suburban home in the picturesque community of Wylam—less than an hour's trainride from Newcastle upon Tyne. We stopped at the station hotel in Newcastle and after leaving the baggage went immediately to Wylam. Mr. Barnes met us at the station. Although a heart condition compels him to conserve his energy, he greeted us with his irresistible and irrepressible smile of cordiality and welcome. Mr. Barnes is a North Ireland Irishman, and even though he has lived in England many years his genial radiance and glowing personality will always indicate his origin. There is something about these Northern Irish which is dissimilar to anyone else in the world and I love them. Perhaps it is because in my own veins and arteries there is County Antrim blood.

Mr. Barnes drove us a few blocks from the station to "Cranford"—the name he has chosen for his home. I like that custom which is so prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. Almost every person's home is given a name. It is better than a number, although there is no reason why a home cannot have both. Many years ago when we built our first little cottage on Lake Vermilion we called it "Arden." We have known and loved an "Arden" ever since. Frequently someone asks me why we call our island home "Arden." Do you remember in Shakespeare's "Tempest"—"So, this is the Forest of Arden, which has so many goodly people in it."—Well, there is the answer.

At Cranford we were greeted by dear Mrs. Hardy, who has looked after the home and the well-being of Mr. Barnes since Mrs. Barnes' death. She is a charming, delightful woman, and prepared for us an unusual and delicious English tea. After visiting about old times and the unforgotten yesterdays in our lives, Mr. Barnes drove us back to Newcastle. On the way we stopped and called on some old friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rutter, and Mrs. Rutter's father, Mr. Dick. The latter is one of the most phenomenal men I have ever met. He is 93 and has been sightless for many years. For many years he was an engine driver—to us that means a railroad engineer. I have never met a person who could quote more good poetry and tell more interesting anecdotes of literary people than Mr. Dick. For years he has written poetry of distinction and beauty. He sees a million times more with the eyes of his soul than most people see with their natural eyes. My visit with him was an experience which will never leave me. The devotion and love given him by his daughter and son-in-law weaves a tapestry of beauty which adorns the halls of my precious memories.

We made a short visit on Mr. and Mrs. Davies, the minister who has succeeded to Mr. Barnes' pulpit. Their vitality and enthusiasm, and the spirited welcome they gave us portends a successful pastorate in the Church of

the Divine Unity. I promised Mr. Davies to come back to Newcastle and preach in the church again. I was deeply impressed with his plans and dreams for his work.

The next day we returned to Wylam. Mr. Barnes and Mrs. Hardy met us at the station and we were on our way through lovely countryside—narrow, winding roads, beautiful vistas and colorful stone and brick cottages, until we arrived at the picturesque ancient village of Blanchland! Here in an old inn, at one time part of an ancient 12th century Abbey, we had lunch. The drive back to Newcastle upon Tyne was through some of the most beautiful countryside in all England. The beauty of some of this Northumberland Country is unknown even to many English who are more familiar with the loveliness of Surrey, Sussex or Kent. To me the drive from Blanchland to Newcastle is as impressive as any to be found anywhere, while the old Abbey Church in Blanchland breathed the spirit of its antiquity and the history which it has seen.

In Newcastle we had dinner that evening with Mr. Abner Barnes, son of Rev. Herbert Barnes, who graduated in law from the University of London and is practising in his home city, and Mr. Gerald A. Henderson, who is with the "Mauretania" and who, upon hearing we were in Newcastle, he being on leave from his ship, came to the hotel to greet us. After dinner we were invited to Abner's home to listen to the Democratic Convention being broadcast from Chicago. We listened with astonishment and humility! We felt like apologizing for what we were hearing. We found it difficult, indeed, to explain what was taking place to those who know little about how we select our candidates for the Presidency. We heard every word clearly direct from the Convention floor, way up in northern England. We heard the proceedings of the Republican Convention on the "Mauretania" in mid-Atlantic. We could hardly believe our ears as we listened to the proceedings. How long, we wonder, before the American people will find a better way to select their candidates for the highest and most important office in the world. How long!

* * *

The week was passing. With the coming of Friday it was imperative we go to London. On arrival in London we were met at the station by the Rev. George Grieve, acting minister of Highgate Unitarian Church. Mr. Grieve will be recalled by many as preaching for us in the Peoples Church. I have often preached for him in Highgate. He gave us a cordial welcome and saw us to our London Hotel. In the evening we went to see the play "Waters of the Moon" at the famous old Haymarket Theatre. London is the theatrical center of the world and when one loves the best in the theatre the opportunity which London presents must not be neglected. I recalled with heartache the evenings in London when Jimmie was with us. It was a great experience to attend the theatre with one so discriminating and so understanding of the theatre. I shall never forget the evening years ago when we saw Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" in the Drury Lane Theatre. Later Jimmie used the play in his own recital work and I can still see him and hear him in his superb interpretation. I thought of him on the evening this summer when we saw the two finest actresses in the English speaking theatre, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Dame Edith Evans. I had seen them in the play last summer and was anxious to see it again. Wendy Hiller was in the cast also. I do not know whether America will ever see this play, but for us it

was an evening in the presence of two of the finest actresses and most beloved women in all England. I remember some summers ago of hearing Dame Sybil Thorndike in a series of noonday religious talks in St. Martins-in-the-Fields, the historic and familiar church in Trafalgar Square. The beauty of her soul, the spiritual quality of her mind and the greatness of her heart are all written in the nobility of her face and the stately bearing of her posture. She is Ellen Terry, Bernhardt, Duse and Ethel Barrymore all blended into her own personality.

* * *

No matter how often one comes to London, the lure of Westminster Abbey is irresistible. In my first leisure moments to Westminster I go. This trip was no exception. June, never having been in Europe and never having seen London, was anxious to see as much as our busy schedule permitted. I was just as anxious that every hour for her count to the best advantage. Sightseeing never ought to be done hurriedly. That is the mistake many Americans make in planning a European trip. Attempting too much in too brief a time means too little by way of results. Coming home on the "Queen Mary" we met a party of thirty, who had been in fourteen countries in seventy days. Imagine thirty people travelling together on a schedule like that!

Our first visit to Westminster Abbey will be a permanent impression, for after standing in solemn attitude befor the tomb of Britain's Unknown Soldier, visiting the Poet's Corner, pausing at the graves of Dr. Livingstone, Macaulay, Dickens, and all the other illustrious souls buried there, staring with wide-open eyes at the Coronation Chair, where Queen Elizabeth will sit at her coronation next June, we went in to the choir and attended the Evensong Service. The Dean of Westminster, a tall, patrician gentleman, and two canons, read the service. There was no sermon, but the famous Westminster Boys' Choir sang heavenly music with heavenly voices. The verger had given us preferred seats and during the service we discovered from a plate on the choir stall that June was occupying the seat of the Arch Deacon. Here he sat for the regular church services on Sunday. It isn't the privilege of many women to occupy the Arch Deacon's seat in the choir for a Westminster Abbey Service. You must acknowledge that Americans get around.

After service we walked over to No. 10 Downing Street—probably the most famous street address in the world. There we made some pictures. On the way back to the hotel we made some more pictures of the picturesque, impressive and historic Horse Guards.

Eleven years have passed since that tragic year of 1941 when London took the whole force of Hitler's might in the air. The scars are everywhere. One can see St. Paul's Dome from angles not available in centuries. Some of the vacant spaces have been planted in gardens. But there are broken walls and partly demolished buildings still to be seen; tragic but effective reminders of what those awful air raids must have been like and with what courage they were met.

* * *

One of the oldest and most historic of the Unitarian Churches in London is the Essex Church, located at Notting Hill Gate. The minister, Rev. John C. Ballantyne, has a fine record for constructive liberal religious leadership in Great Britain, and is having an effective pastorate in Essex Church. I was honored by his invitation to occupy his pulpit, which was the result of the cooperation of the Rev. John Kielty and the Rev. W. W. Cheetham,

of the British and Free Christian Churches. Several Americans were in the congregation, including Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taylor, former members of our church and the parents of Mr. Alfred Taylor—one of the boys on our Honor Roll of the boys we lost in World War II. Young Alfred Taylor attended our Church School and will be remembered for his unusual ability as a participant in our Church School programs. We had Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to our hotel for luncheon and recalled many happy times when they were residents of Chicago and members of our church. Our dear friend, Mrs. Saville, from Dublin, happened to be in London on the Sunday we were preaching. It was pleasant to renew our friendship with her. After the service, which was attended by a large and responsive congregation, a reception was given us in the church parlors. It was an opportunity to make many new London friends, whom we hope to see again. The warmth of our Essex Church gladdened our hearts. The kindness of Reverend and Mrs. Ballantyne is a delightful memory of our London visit. Our attractive brochure—"Record of Dr. Preston Bradley's visit to Essex Church"—was presented to me by the minister. It contained press clippings from London papers about the visit, the church program and other features of interest regarding my visit. I shall always cherish it and keep it with the other mementoes of the unusual experiences which have been mine. Some day when the "shadows lengthen" I may sit by a friendly fire and renew the years from the reminders which I cherish and preserve.

* * *

About a week in Paris is all we could possibly arrange. This may be heretical to many people, but of all the cities which I know on either side of the Atlantic, Paris was the least appealing. This may be partly because of the attitude of practically every Parisian we met in public positions. Taxicab drivers were rude, unkind, hurried and impatient. Public employes everywhere and almost without exception were discourteous. Clerks were overbearing, over-anxious and needed watching. Every American was considered gullible and potentially a source of exploitation. The people are excitable, frustrated, disillusioned and project defeatism. Of course, I am speaking only of Paris. I am sure there are other places in France where none of these things would be true. Paris is not France in the same way that New York is not the United States. The instability of the government, the economic situation, the political upheaval, these and many other factors are responsible for the psychological atmosphere brooding over the people of Paris. France has had a noble history. Her art, literature, philosophy, music and science have been of great importance. We used to say in the First World War, "Every man has two countries—his own and France." If she can ever get straightened out and overcome the complexes which are evident throughout the structure of her society, she may come back again and become the great nation which her past affirms.

One has only to visit Versailles to see what decadency has set in. Beautiful Versailles—the hollow mockery of the tragedy of the Louis's. We spent a day there, and amid the architectural beauty saw the ugliness and tragedy of a Royalty which, when revolution broke in its bloody fury, could not understand why "the people did not eat cake!" The Pantheon, the Louvre, the Place de l'Opera, the sidewalk cafes, the moving, hurrying life of her streets, cold, dark, foreboding Notre

Dame, the Arc de Triomphe—yes, all of Paris is eloquent with a fading glory. Standing at Napoleon's tomb, we had all these thoughts—wondering about her future. At the tomb we met an old Chicago friend—Mr. R. Roy Keaton, Director General of Lion's International, who was visiting the tomb as the guest of several French businessmen who are interested in the fine work which Lion's International is doing. There were others in his party, from Norway and England. I enjoyed my altogether too brief visit with him, but was delighted to know of the growth of Lionism on the other side of the Atlantic. There are now twelve Lion's Clubs in Europe.

The most impressive moment in our Paris visit was when we stood at the immortal flame, burning on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. The undying flame seemed to characterize the true spirit of France at her best. That soldier, known only to God, resting there, gave his life for a principle. There will be no peace for this tortured world until that principle becomes a practice among the peoples of the earth. There is still hope for France, for Europe and for the world as long as the undying flame burns brightly. Not for vengeance, for power, or for war must it glow, but for a better understanding among us all.

* * *

One of the most impressive sights in Paris is the Church of Sacre Coeur. It overlooks the city of Paris from the high hill in the heart of Montmartre. Nearby is one of the most interesting spots in all Paris—a little open space surrounded by cafes, out-of-door restaurants, art shops, all clustered in a small area like a separate little village. Here we had our best meal in Paris, at the Restaurant de la Mére Catherine. Later we walked from Sacre Coeur to 54 Rue du Pocteau, where lives the father and mother of Mr. Aime Perot, who attends our church occasionally in Chicago. His father and mother were expecting us and we had a pleasant evening. They speak no English, but Mr. Jack Veeger, from Sittard, Holland, who spent six months in Chicago, was with us. He speaks French and English and was our interpreter for the evening. I was much interested in renewing my friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Perot, for I had met them last year when I was in Europe. They were most hospitable and we shall not forget their kindness.

* * *

One of the pleasant surprises in Paris was to have a visit with Major Edward Nonnenbruch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Nonnenbruch, of our church. The Major was at one time a member of our choir. His mother is still a valued member. Major Nonnenbruch is in our Air Force and located not far from Paris. He was informed when we would be in Paris, and you can imagine our delight when he walked into our hotel. We were a little homesick to see someone from home, and Edward seemed equally pleased. He had a distinguished career in World War II and will be in Europe some time longer before an opportunity will be given him to get home. We had a very pleasant day together, concluding with dinner, after which he drove back to his base. He is a fine example of the U.S. military representative in Europe, and because of his influence cannot help but counteract some of the unfavorable impressions which some of our military leave on the people. On the whole, our American boys are a pretty fine group. We met them everywhere, with cameras and notebooks most of them were improving the opportunity for study and education. You can discount much you might

hear about how the American military conducts himself abroad. He is just a cross-section of his age group and is no better or worse than the non-military man when he is abroad. I met them in Ireland, Scotland, England and France and every one was a fine American boy—a little homesick, a little bewildered, but seeing it through!

* * *

Another pleasant surprise we had in Paris was meeting Mr. and Mrs. Anton Korber of Chicago. They discovered we were in the same hotel and immediately called us. Mr. Korber will be remembered by many Chicagoans, as he has had an important position with the Wrigley Building Restaurant for many years, working in cooperation with Mr. Arnold Shircliffe, who is one of the best-known restaurant men in the United States. I have known Mr. Shircliffe and Mr. Korber for years and esteem their friendship. Mr. Korber was born in Austria. He came to the United States as a young man and has advanced to a position of responsibility in his field. They came over on the "United States," bringing their car, and were motoring across Europe to his old home in Austria. We had a pleasant evening together talking about mutual friends and reminiscing of old Chicago days. On their return this fall we hope to hear all about his experiences at his old home, among friends and relatives he has not seen for years.

* * *

Kent is called the "Garden of England." The name is justified. Many English counties are gardens. Surrey, Essex, Sussex—one could name many, but Kent is as appropriately named as any. In Kent is the old village of Tenterden. In Tenterden is one of the oldest Churches of Unitarianism in all England. Here I had the opportunity of preaching again and renewing my friendship with the able minister, the Rev. Kerecki, and the many Tenterden friends. We had a delightful tea in the Manse, presided over by Mrs. Walsh, the wife of the late minister, who became a civic leader in Tenterden and was honored by becoming Mayor of the city. We stopped at a quaint old inn in Tenterden, named the William Caxton. The inn was built in the 15th century. The old meeting house where I preached was built in 1662. Dr. Joseph Priestley had preached in the old pulpit and Benjamin Franklin had worshipped in the church when he was in England. Standing in the high pulpit and looking down on the congregation, I was carried back across the years and could envisage other times in the history of the church. It is this sense of history and awareness of background which gives character to these ancient places. I had the same feeling when I preached in the pulpit of our First Church in Belfast where John Wesley had preached. The Rev. George Grieve of London and the Reverend Kerecki took the service in this ancient meeting house on the evening I preached.

* * *

One of our memorable experiences will always be our visit to old Canterbury and Canterbury Cathedral. The Rev. George Grieve and Miss Joyce Grudgings accompanied us to Canterbury. We drove up in a little British car, stopped at the ancient village of Biddenden, with its old village church. The object of our trip was to see Canterbury Cathedral—that ancient historic edifice which, as the seat of the Anglican Church is as dear to Anglicans as St. Peter's is to the Roman Catholics. Occupying no prominent height of land, it seems to nestle in the heart of the ancient city. One comes upon it through a gate and the first view is breath-taking! I have seen it

many times, but the first glimpse gives always the same feeling. I cannot describe the building to you. I will speak about it during the winter. We attended an Evensong Service and had the experience of joining in song, prayer and psalm with the other worshippers in England's most precious and beloved church. No, we didn't see the Red Dean. No one in England takes him seriously. They are amused by him and treat him with utter neglect. He is the object of ridicule and laughter. If the British press would only remain silent about him he would completely disappear. The church and the state both take the position that to unfrock him or dismiss him would only make him a martyr and the deed would be utilized advantageously by his Communist friends. They simply ignore him. No one takes seriously anything he says. The people in America are much more concerned about him than are the people in England. Irving Cobb once used a phrase I recall in connection with the Red Dean, "Oh, the thunders of silence."

* * *

How I wish some of our American clergymen could emulate their British brethren in the matter of reading the scriptures and the prayers! The impressiveness, the diction, the proper emphasis, the pauses—all contribute to make an inspiring experience in a church service. The litany in some of the British churches is far more important and impressive than the sermon. Charles Laughton is showing America how to read out loud again. We need the lesson and nowhere more than in our churches.

* * *

On our return from Canterbury we drove through Rye and the Romney Marsh—another experience of a wholly different countryside than any we have known. We chose this route because we wanted to stop at Ellen Terry's Cottage near Tenterden. Here the great actress spent the last years of her life and here she died. We arrived about 7 p.m. The cottage was closed at 6. I knew it would be our only opportunity of seeing it, so I went up the road about a thousand feet to the cottage where Mrs. Chapman, Ellen Terry's niece, lives. I explained our situation, and graciously she came back to the cottage with me. It is like entering a holy place. There is everything as she left it. All of her costumes, which she wore in the great theatres of the world, the mementoes of great occasions and honors in her life; her books, her pictures, everything dear to her and now precious to the world. I saw the original verse in her own handwriting which is placed on the memorial plaque beneath the urn where rest her ashes in the Actors' Church in London. I sometimes use the verse at the funeral service, "When I am gone let there be no funeral gloom." She did not write the poem, but she copied it in her prayer-book and loved it deeply. Near her cottage is the barn theatre where, on the Sunday in July nearest to the anniversary of her death, the people of the theatre in London come out and present a program in her honor. Some day I hope to attend one of these memorial programs. I saw Ellen Terry but once. I never saw her in a play. Her great performance of "The Bells" with Sir Henry Irving was before my theatre-going doys. It was a June evening many years ago, when I saw and heard Ellen Terry for the first and only time. The scene was the University campus at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. Several hundred chairs had been placed before a temporary platform. On this platform was a lectern. A spotlight rested on the platform. Into the amber glow walked Ellen Terry, dressed in a Grecian-like

gown. She opened a large book and gave her lecture on "The Women of Shakespeare." I think the book was used principally as a prop. With her consummate genius she recited speech after speech from the great women characters in the plays. Her noble, classical features, her queenly bearing, her faultless diction and her artistic interpretation remain with me as vividly today as though I had heard her last evening. It all came back to me as we visited the little Kentish cottage she knew and loved so much. Those who were fortunate enough to have heard that golden voice have a memory which will pass with them, for there is no recording of that voice for posterity. It belongs to the spheres and its melody will soon be forever lost to earthly ears. Fortunate those who have the memory!

* * *

Back in London I had the opportunity of preaching again in the pulpit of the Highgate Unitarian Church and renewing my friendship with the good people who labor there. The Rev. Mr. Grieve is supplying the pulpit as minister interim and conducted the service. Because of the condition of his health he resigned the pastorate, but is serving until the church decides on a minister. He was considering a pulpit in Ireland, but his health would not permit. We had an inspiring service, and although it was right in the midst of the London holiday season, there was a good congregation. Mr. Grieve is an Oxford graduate, and has a background of intellectual equipment—an able preacher—and conducts the inspiring litany of the Highgate Church most impressively. He spent a year at Harvard, and has made two speaking missions to the United States. His familiarity with the interesting places in London and Oxford made him a most agreeable companion on much of our English visit. He accompanied us to Windsor Castle, where we attended Evensong in the historic St. George's Chapel. We stood over the vault where rests the body of George VI, awaiting its removal to the permanent vault in the chapel. There rests his grandfather, King Edward VII, and his father, George V. Under the altar is buried Henry VIII, Charles I and Jane Seymour. Windsor Castle was a favorite residence of Queen Victoria, who was frequently referred to as the "Widow of Windsor." We visited the State Rooms, magnificent in their furnishings and art collection. This was my first visit to Windsor Castle and because of its history, as well as the close association of the present Royal Family, it had an unusual appeal for me.

* * *

I am going to devote much more space in a future "Along the Way" to a report on the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom, which we attended at Manchester College in Oxford. The three addresses given by three great authorities are worthy of careful reporting. The general theme of the conference was "Freedom and Authority in Religion." Mr. J. Chuter Ede, former Home Secretary and an M.P., gave a masterly address, as did Prof. A. Victor Murray, Principal of Cheshunt College, Cambridge. Prof. James Luther Adams, of our own Meadville School, gave one of the most brilliant addresses of the entire Congress. The sermon preached by the Rev. George Marchal of Paris was one of the finest I have ever heard, and his first sermon using the English language. All of these deserve further comment. Apart from these features I have mentioned, the Congress made little impression on the people who attended and none on the outside world.

* * *

Our homeward trip was made on that great ship the "Queen Mary." With the exception of one day, the seas were smooth. We had a very rough day. The ropes were put up throughout the ship for protection and safety of the passengers. It was a thrilling experience. A storm at sea reveals how little man is. It is good for one's ego. When you see the "Queen Mary" alongside a pier you marvel that any sea could affect so great a ship, but she can bounce like a cork. We left New York on the first train which would take us to the little island in Lake Vermilion. On the train we met Mr. Arwin Schweig of our choir, and Mr. Norman Gottschau, who had been attending a meeting in New York. It was a pleasant surprise to meet someone from our church and we visited at dinner while the train rolled along the Hudson. Arriving in Chicago in the late morning, we were off for Arden the same afternoon. At Duluth, Miss Catherine Lennon, Miss Barbara Hawkins, teachers from Chicago, and Miss Mary Clarke met us at the station. We drove the 90 miles from Duluth to our island home through the lovely Arrowhead country. How happy we were to be home!

When we left the island in June, I was uncertain if I would ever see my little dog, "Skippy," again. He has not been completely well since his illness in March. I left him in June with an aching heart. After all, I have known him and loved him for over 16 years, and he was on my mind every day I was away. The islanders, Roy and Myrtle Landmark, had written us every Monday we were away, and the news about Skippy was all good. As the "Arden" neared the dock I saw him running down to the boat behind the other island favorite, "Topper" Landmark. I soon had him in my arms, and his joy at greeting me sparkled in his sightless eyes, and expressed itself by his wagging tail. While he can neither see nor hear, he is eating like a little pig, runs all over the island, barks from the dock, and as long as he suffers no pain and has all his power of locomotion, I am not going to give him up. At the moment he is as happy as any little dog I know, although my veterinarian warns me a fatal attack may come at any moment. Unless you have loved a dog and been loved by one, you cannot understand all this.

* * *

Since arriving on the island I have been busy writing and preparing for the fall work, the results of which will be known to you as you read this in October. I am writing in early September.

On Sunday, September 7th, I preached in the First Congregational Church in Cook, Minnesota, at a union service with the Unitarian Church of Alango, Minnesota, where the Rev. Milma Lappala served so effectively until her death. The church was packed and many were standing. The next day I spoke before the Arrowhead Civic Club in Duluth, Minnesota, and made three radio addresses over KOAL, WXER and WEBC, Duluth.

On Tuesday, September 9th, I had a burial service on Big Bay, in Lake Vermilion, consigning the ashes of Mrs. Raye Jones, by her request, to the waters of the lake she and her late husband, George Jones, deeply loved. They both desired cremation and their ashes given to the lake. I performed the ceremony for her husband in 1949, and this year for Mrs. Jones. They have three lovely daughters, one of whom, Elinor, worked with Jimmie in our Players. Jimmie was with Mrs. Jones and the daughters when we buried Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones died in Chicago and Mrs. Jones in Cincinnati. So time with

its inevitable changes goes on and so we must meet the challenge of the years.

* * *

I made my annual visit to the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Ft. William, Ontario, Canada, on the second Sunday in September. We drove up from the island through the Ely-Finland trail to Elgen City, and then on the North Shore Highway of Lake Superior. This is one of the most picturesque highways in the country and always an inspiring experience, particularly in the fall, when nature begins to welcome winter in the North Country by colors vivid and dramatic.

* * *

Wednesday afternoon, September 10th, Mr. and Mrs. Dan L. Lappala brought their two children to the island for the christening service. The Lappala's live in Cook, Minnesota. He is the son of the Rev. Milma Lappala and is a horticulturist and botanist. The children were christened Daniel Walter Lappala and John Scott Lappala. Their names will be added to our church school Cradle Roll.

* * *

Please read the announcement for our opening Book Lecture Season, published elsewhere in this issue. There are some fine books available for this year, and I hope to choose books for discussion which will merit your attendance. The lectures will begin at 8 p.m. and close at 9 o'clock promptly.

* * *

I have enjoyed your many letters and constructive comments on "Along the Way." I will, from month to month, in these friendly chats, write out of my heart about the events along the way. They are written under busy conditions, in trains, in hotel rooms, in my study, or wherever I find it possible. Will you help to keep "The Liberalist" going out to people everywhere?

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES FOR NOVEMBER

Wednesday, Nov. 5—"THE GREAT ENTERPRISE"—Harry S. Overstreet

Wednesday, Nov. 12—"WITHIN OUR POWER"—Raymond B. Fosdick

Wednesday, Nov. 19—"A DECLARATION OF FAITH"—Herbert Agar

Wednesday, Nov. 26—"IN ONE EAR"—Eric Sevareid

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday, October 10, Sunday School Party for Benefit of the Bazaar Booth..... 7:30 p.m.

Friday evening, October 31, Annual Family Dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Guests of Honor..... 6:30 p.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service, Opening November 2nd..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, Opening November 5th..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Oct. 1 and 2—Rummage Sale in Anderson Hall..... 3:00 p.m.
See details under church news

Monday, October 13, Opening meeting: Gertrude Shepley in "Cry, the Beloved Country"..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, October 27, Mrs. LeRoy G. Shelton, "Freedom's Future.". 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opening meeting, Tuesday, October 14..... 8:00 p.m.

Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest of Honor, Mrs. Bradley

Tuesday, October 28, Bazaar Donation Night. Technicolor slides of Nevada and Lake Tahoe region to be shown by Miss Joanne Plett, President

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School Age) Meets 1st and 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave. CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, 4th Friday, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast. ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

AMONG all the "How To" books currently appearing on display in all book stores and in the Book Departments of our Department Stores, there are many which tell us how to be happy, how to be well liked and how to have a charming personality. Writers do not so often attempt to describe how to be perfectly miserable. The other day one of our faithful church members, Mrs. Hubert Gaensslen, sent me a little article entitled "How to be Perfectly Miserable," by C. J. Sodergren.

The people who are especially trained in dealing with the problems of humanity frequently tell us, when we are confronted with a problem about which we need to make a decision, it is very helpful to sit down and make a double-column list of the things on the favorable side and those things on the negative side.

Mr. Sodergren has made the negative list and I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to study these items for making one's self perfectly miserable. Here they are:

"Think about yourself.
Talk about yourself.
Use 'I' as often as possible.
Mirror yourself continually in the opinion of others.
Listen greedily to what people say about you.
Expect to be appreciated.
Be suspicious.
Be jealous and envious.
Be sensitive to slights.
Never forgive a criticism.
Trust nobody but yourself.
Insist on consideration and respect.
Demand agreement with your own views on everything.
Sulk if people are not grateful to you for favors shown them.
Never forget a service you may have rendered.
Be on the lookout for a good time for yourself.
Shirk your duties if you can.
Do as little as possible for others.
Love yourself supremely."

(This recipe is guaranteed to be infallible.)

If one can read this list thoughtfully and consider himself or herself honestly in the light of it, and then is tempted to pat himself or herself on the back and say, "Well, that list doesn't apply to me," perhaps in that case, it might be well to read the list again.

HEAR YE!!! HEAR YE!!!

41st ANNUAL BAZAAR
of the
PEOPLES CHURCH

For 41 years The Peoples Church of Chicago has been holding

An Old-Fashioned Church Bazaar

This Annual Church Bazaar has always been a great success. It has been also a great get-together of the members and friends of the church. Two days and evenings of fun, fellowship and financial aid to the church of our choice.

THE DATE OF THE BAZAAR—NOVEMBER 6 AND 7

All day and up to midnight Thursday, November 6
From noon to sell-out time—midnight of Friday, November 7

ONLY ONE MONTH LEFT IN WHICH TO GET READY FOR THIS BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!

BRING YOUR DONATIONS TO THE CHURCH OFFICE OR PHONE LOngbeach 1-6878

GET IN TOUCH WITH THE PRESIDENT OF ONE OF THE CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS AND OFFER TO HELP IN ANY WAY YOU CAN.

EVERY ORGANIZATION HAS A BOOTH AT THE BAZAAR.

THERE WILL BE BOOTHS CONTAINING EVERY SORT OF SALABLE ARTICLE.

THERE WILL BE A GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF LUXURY ITEMS FROM THE STAGE IN ANDERSON HALL.

. . . . . .

Professional and Business Woman's Bazaar Donation Night—October 28, 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club Donation Tea, the afternoon of Monday,—November 3

Dr. Bradley will be in attendance at the Tea and at the Bazaar both Thursday and Friday

41ST ANNUAL BAZAAR

Mrs. Paul H. Raabe — General Chairman

BIttersweet 8-4958

REMEMBER TO FORGET!

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1952

LAST night, after my return to my study from a 300-mile automobile trip yesterday, I was a little weary, and I sat there opening some books that had accumulated during the day. They had come in by mail and were unopened. Now an unopened book is always a challenge to me. It is an anticipation. I can never come across a package and know it is a book without immediately wanting to get my hands on it. And interestingly enough I found a little book. It is not yet published. It will be published and be available on February 5. I looked at the title of this little book—I am not going to tell you too much about it because I am going to lecture on it and I may perhaps use it as the basis for a sermon or two—but I think this book is going to be much talked about. It is a small book. You can read it through in less than an hour, and it is entitled DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. It is written primarily for those who find it impossible through any form of mental attitude or mental disciplining to eradicate from their minds unpleasant experiences and memories that are horrifying to them. It is a very wise book and a very necessary book. Wasn't it interesting that I should find that book on the very evening before the day on which I had chosen to speak about the same identical theme, only calling it REMEMBER TO FORGET.

It seems that all of my life I have been reading advertisements in newspapers and magazines about how to remember. Almost every magazine you pick up will have a page devoted to somebody who has discovered the technique by which they can guarantee to you, no matter what your intellectual mental capacity might be or the potentiality of your own mind, that by following some magic formula you will be able to remember and never forget. They tell you how you can develop your memory. Well, after reading all those advertisements—(and they just don't work, but they are very interesting experiments—there are so many factors involved in this attempt to develop a memory so that you will never forget)—I got to thinking about the idea of finding a way, if possible, to develop the capacity of forgetting! There are so many things we remember, but would be much better off and much happier if we could forget. There are a lot of things in your life and in mine that we remember vividly and we can recall them almost momentarily without the evidence of any will at all on the part of ourselves, that we would all be better off if we could forget, so that they never would be a part of our lives again. How many of you can recall unkind words that you have spoken, unlovely things you have said to another or about another. In the torment of emotional upheaval we have phrased sentences that if we could erase them from our memories and bury those sentences forever, how much happier all of us would be.

I know of course that you remember little things you did, and some of them were big things, to hurt someone else, some unkind, some cruel things, some lie perhaps, that we said about another that started off and then went on and on and on and on, gathering momen-

tum as it went on its tragic way. Lies always do that. And perhaps we are conscious that we lied about another, that we told a deliberate falsehood about them, and we never did one thing in an effort to overcome the tragedy of our own lie, and the memory of it haunts us—haunts us. How many of us can remember the wrong things that we have done—things that we have said. We would give almost our very lives if we could make amends, if we could stop them in their tracks, if we could forget. Now I believe it is a good thing for our own peace of mind and our own moral and spiritual welfare to develop the technique of forgetting. I believe many of us could unify and integrate our own individual intellectual and spiritual capacities so that our lives would be much more significant and much more efficacious if we were not demoralized by some of our own memories! I know that is true of my life. I know there are energies that are vitiated in my own living of life because of horrifying memories which sometimes linger with me and it is impossible apparently to eradicate them. And yet I believe there is a technique which it is possible to develop that will enable us to forget as well as to remember.

There is so much of life that must be remembered because memories constitute our immediate appreciation of life. There are many friends we must never eliminate and many experiences we must never forget; many personalities who have come in and out of our lives and perhaps gone out of them and gone out forever. But many of the things that were the most beautiful and the most significant must always be preserved. The problem is one of decision—just what memories we will give vitality and prominence to and just what memories we will remember to forget. The great philosopher, Henri Bergson, in one of his remarkable essays, I think you will find it in his ELAN VITAL (the spirit of life), said that it is a function of the human mind to create forgetfulness just as much as it is to retain impressions and ideals and experiences in the form of memory. If that is true, then there must be a technique by which it will be possible for a person to develop forgetfulness so that when we are in a creative moment or an inspired moment and are dominated by the memories of beautiful and lovely experiences and the grandeur and nobility of our associations with life, we will be able to control the stabbing thought that may break in, suggested by a look, suggested by a manner or an object, suggested by a color, suggested by some intangible influence that seems indefinite and unimportant, suggested perhaps by something we might find in a book, a little note that may have brought back to us with startling rapidity and with tragic significance other moments and other days. There may be an old letter, there may be something that is not a part of our souls at all, that we have not willed but suddenly has the atmosphere of creating a memory, a memory perhaps that we should have remembered to forget, and that memory will have the tendency to destroy all the happiness and all the beauty and all the loveliness of some great moment of living and we have denied ourselves the continuity of that moment because we didn't remember to forget.

One of the wisest, one of the greatest of the German philosophers was Immanuel Kant. Immanuel Kant wrote one of the most enduring books that has been written, a book called THE CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON, a book that almost no one reads but one

of the most valuable books ever written. Immanuel Kant never assumed the responsibility of a home. He remained unmarried all of his life. He had a very reliable and a very devoted manservant who was responsible for the maintenance of all the physical comforts and for creating a favorable environment for the thinking of the great philosopher, IMMANUEL KANT. This servant had been entrusted with the finances for maintaining the home. He was delegated with all of the important details that were connected with that responsibility. He did it over a long, long period of years, a trusted, an honored, and a faithful servant. One day Immanuel Kant discovered to his horror and to his agony that his trusted employee had been betraying him and stealing from him and cheating him in finances all through the years; that he was basically and fundamentally a scoundrel. It took a long time for Immanuel Kant to discover the true character of one whom he had trusted so deeply. The effect upon Immanuel Kant at his age (for then he was a very old man and they were both elderly men) was tremendous. It caused a reaction which even disturbed the equilibrium of the mentality of such a great philosopher, who is supposed to be in complete control of all of his intellectual processes. And Immanuel Kant wrote this phrase often in his diary: "Remember to forget Lampe. Remember to forget Lampe." And the agonizing experience for him of the betrayal of one whom he had trusted constituted such a devitalizing memory for even a great philosopher that he seriously and deliberately attempted to remember to forget it.

It is a question, my dear friends, that is of great importance to our individual happiness. Memories can be trained. Of course a lot of people who have good memories are absent minded. Absent mindedness and a good memory are not quite the same. I know in my little village where I lived as a boy and spent my youth, we had a very interesting character. He was a farmer. Once every week he would hitch up the horses to the wagon—you city folks may not know what a wagon is and I might have to explain to some of you what horses are—but he would hitch up the horse and wagon and he would drive to town every Saturday morning, bringing his wife and bringing eggs and produce from the farm which he exchanged at the little grocery for food. I can see that couple yet as I look back across the years. Why should I think of them now? I don't know. But I can see them driving those horses, hitched to that wagon, down a country road. There were no concrete highways then, no asphalt, no cement. It was dust and mud and mud and dust up to the wagon hubs. I can see that old couple driving into that little village. I can see him unhitch his horses, bring them into my father's blacksmith shop. I can see her take her basket of eggs to the little store next door, do her shopping and her trading. She always wore a sunbonnet and gingham gown, a dear sweet old lady. And do you know invariably he would drive on home and forget her? And it was one of the jokes of my life as a little boy to see that dear old lady come over to our house and say, "Mrs. Bradley, he's gone and forgotten again." The old man would get about half way home, sometimes all the way home, and he would look around and discover his wife wasn't there and so back he would come with humiliation written all over him.

Well, that is one aspect of memory. He was absent minded. Stoddart Kennedy, that great leader and that great

inspiration to so many thousands and thousands of G.I.'s in the First World War and one of the finest men and greatest souls of the pulpit, would meet a friend on the street, or if there was occasion for him to jot down a note in his notebook, which he often did, on his way to the railroad train, he would set down his bag, he would make the note, put the book in his pocket and walk off and leave the bag sitting right where he left it! He did it repeatedly. Absent minded. I am not thinking of that. I am thinking about how it is possible for one who even though they may recall an experience through the province of memory which was at one time a horrifying, ugly, disagreeable thing, and even though they remembered the fact, they would not associate with the fact the emotion they associated at the time the experience took place. Now, if we remember facts and remember things we did, things that were said, things that happened to us and we cannot eradicate them completely from our mentality, if we have developed such a conception of values that we no longer retain the emotional experience with the fact of the experience, we have remembered to forget. That is difficult, for very few of us have the control of our emotional personalities and it requires a great deal of effort to recall a fact and experience in our lives without associating with it all the horrifying details of the experience itself. But somewhere along the way, if we can purge our minds by remembering to forget, we can create an environment in which though the fact will be retained, the emotion will be forgotten. That is the problem in remembering to forget. And what a beautiful thing it is for us all to always remember that every experience, everything we do, everything we see, everything we hear, everything we touch, everything that comes into the aura of our personalities becomes an abiding part of our own psychical personalities; that there is a part of us which never forgets; that there is an inner sympathetic plane of the human personality which is our psychical self, and everything which has been done to us and everything which we have done, and every unkind, ugly experience that has ever come into our lives is buried away in the subconscious life of our psychical selves, and the problem of remembering to forget is the problem of controlling our psychical personalities. So that even though the horrifying, dastardly, ghastly thing may come out of the dark into the light of memory, we can turn to it and say, "The emotional effect of this experience is in my control."

So we must try to build, as indeed we ought, by every act, by every thought, by every good, beautiful experience, so that when we remember and revitalize and re-dramatize the experiences of life, every memory will be a beautiful thing. To live life so that we build those memories is the highest achievement of life. To live it so that when we leave it there will be a sacred place against the skyline of someone's memory. To live it as though a mighty shadow had fallen there against the skyline of our lives. To live it so that someone can say, "It is a bitter, heavy burden I have, but it is lighter because you came this way." To live it so that some face that only had one smile now has two. To live it so that some heart, fraught by disappointment and disillusionment and grief can take on renewed and recreative energy because another heart has beat in unison in the divine beauty of love. To remember the best and forget the rest is the secret of happiness.

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. Bradley's Sunday Evening Speaking Engagements for October

September 21—7:30 p.m. Daylight
Greater Bethesda Baptist Church,
53rd and Michigan, Chicago

September 28—7:30 p.m. CST
Willard Memorial Methodist Church
Oak Park, Illinois

October 5—7:30 p.m. CST
Marion Ave. Baptist Church
Aurora, Illinois

October 12—7:30 p.m. CST
Country Church of the City
1307 W. Granville Ave., Chicago

October 19—7:45 p.m. CST
Warren Ave. Congregational Church
3101 W. Warren Ave., Chicago

October 26—7:30 p.m. CST
Original Providence Baptist Church
217 N. Leavitt St., Chicago

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

News of the church is being written prior to the Opening Luncheon of the Woman's Club in September, but we know from their past record that the Luncheon scheduled for September 29th at the Edgewater Beach Hotel and which will have been held by the time you read these lines, will have added one more to the long list of successful Opening Luncheons of the very efficient and effective Woman's Club of the Church. The guests of honor were: Mrs. Wade W. Reece, President of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss Joanne Plett, President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the Church, and Mrs. Bradley, who, with Dr. Bradley, has just returned from a European trip. Dr. Bradley was the speaker of the day and music was by Ann Garrels, mezzo-soprano.

RUMMAGE SALE

The Rummage Sale will open at 3:00 p.m. Wednesday, October 1, and continue through that evening and on Thursday, October 2 until all goods are sold. It will be held in Anderson Hall of the church. Proceeds are used for the philanthropic work of the club.

OPENING MEETING

The first regular meeting of the club for the season will be held on Monday, October 13. The Music and Drama Department will be in charge of the program. Mrs. George P. Hettinger is Music Chairman, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, Program Chairman will present Gertrude Shepley, in "Cry, the Beloved Country." Hostesses will be Mrs. Victor F. Bergman, Mrs. Harold Hupp and Mrs. Walter J. Springer.

SECOND MEETING

Presents Impressive Woman Speaker

Monday, October 27, the American Citizenship and Legislation Department will have charge of the meeting. This will be Reciprocity Day, Mrs. Emma J. Hildebrecht, President of the Ninth District of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs will be present, and the entire membership of the District is welcome.

American Citizenship Chairman is Mrs. Carl Tiedeman, with Mrs. Emma Sangernebo as Legislation Chairman.

Mrs. Harry D. Stone will present Mrs. LeRoy G. Shelton, a very impressive speaker, whose subject will be "Freedom's Future."

Hostesses: Mrs. M. B. Hinton, Mrs. Cristine Miller, Mrs. W. Rose, Mrs. J. E. Baume, Mrs. L. H. Hangel, and Mrs. W. B. Heath.

BAZAAR DONATION TEA

The Bazaar Donation Tea which is held annually prior to the Church Bazaar will be held on Monday, November 3rd. The program will be announced in the November Liberalist. Dr. Preston Bradley will be in attendance at the Tea, which will be held in Anderson Hall.

MEN'S CLUB

Dr. Bradley was the speaker for the opening meeting of the Men's Club, held on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, September 22nd.

The Men's Club meets on the fourth Monday of each month. The program consists of a speaker of note, some entertainment features, then refreshments and sociability. Guest fee is 50c.

Church membership is not a requisite in order to belong to any organization of the church. The organizations are for the members of the church and their friends.

The October meeting will be held October 27th.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The program evening of the Business Woman's Club is held on the second Tuesday of each month.

Dr. Bradley will be the speaker on Tuesday evening, October 14th. There will be no charge for guests or members. Refreshments will be served and there will be time for sociability after the program.

The second meeting of the month will be a Bazaar Party or Donation Night. Members and friends of the club are invited to bring donations for the Business Woman's Bazaar Booth.

Miss Joanne Plett, President of the club, will show technicolor slides of Nevada and Lake Tahoe.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School has a brand new News Bulletin. Even though you are not a member of our Church School you will be interested in seeing this bright yellow brochure all about the Sunday School. There is to be a monthly edition, and Mr. Robert Crosswhite, the Superintendent, is to be greatly complimented on the idea.

On Friday, October 10th, the Church School is to have a Party for the benefit of their Bazaar Booth. Everyone is invited and if you like hospitality you shouldn't miss the Sunday School's social affairs. They are always worth while.

The big event, not only for the Church School, but for the entire membership and friends of the church, will be the Annual Family Dinner which the Sunday School sponsors each year. This year it will be held on Friday evening, October 31st. This means that those lucky enough to get reservations for the 6:30 dinner will have good food, fine fellowship and high class entertainment, all of the Sunday School's own variety. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley will be Guests of Honor.

WHICH ARE YOU?

I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town;
With a ho-heave-ho and lusty yell
They swung a beam and the sidewall fell.
I asked the foreman: "Are these men skilled
As the men you'd hire if you had to build?"
He gave a laugh and said, "No indeed!
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do!"
And I thought to myself as I went my way,
Which of these roles have I tried to play?
Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule and square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well-made plan,
Patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker, who walks the town,
Content with the labor of tearing down?

Unknown

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT IS time to see the Dahlia Show at the Garfield Park Conservatory as well as their beautiful pond lillies in the pools outside the conservatory. And that reminds me that I had intended to tell our readers long ago of the beautiful Begonia Show which my Aunt and I saw this summer as we were returning from Tower, Minnesota. This is a show given annually in Virginia, Minnesota, by the Park District. Mr. Walter Nelson, Superintendent of Parks at Virginia, took us through his conservatory one morning. Never have I seen such beautiful, varied and such enormous begonias. I did not know begonias could grow to such a size. We saw blossoms fully six inches across. We went up and down the aisles admiring the exquisite coloring, the infinite variety and the hardiness and enormous size of these blossoms. I do think the larger cities would do well to emulate Mr. Nelson's example. Chrysanthemums may be spectacular, and dahlias, too, but for infinite variety and novelty, give me Walt Nelson's begonias.

Because the great interest in The Liberalist this month will center in Dr. Bradley's summer travel experiences as told in his "Along the Way," and because of lack of space, we will at once reach for a letter.

* * *

Mr. C. H. Bullock, of Evanston, writes such a lovely and appreciative letter about sunsets, no doubt inspired by Dr. Bradley's description of a sunset he had enjoyed while traveling home from a speaking engagement in Indiana:

"The 'World of Nature!' Sunrises! Sunsets! you asked if your audience had seen the sunset last evening. Many have loved the sunsets and lost them in the place of abode. I live almost *on* the Ridge and yet see only the top of the pre-sunset, even living on a second floor. But if I walk west over the Ridge just a block, I can see *some* of the horizon, the glory of the sunset over the western stretch of Main Street.

"When I worked in the loop years ago, at even when on the way home via the Elevated, as we crossed north over the river, the skyline, especially where it dipped, gave varied glimpses of the immeasurable variety of color. Often when standing in the aisle I couldn't see, due to the pulling down of shades by the sitters.

"These days I see sunrises, and the most beautiful are not born of *clear* skies. The abundantly varied beauties beyond description of tongue or pen are in connection with or because of clouds! Symbolic now! Six mornings a week I see them from the vantage of Northwestern, Evanston Campus, framed by the shrubs and trees. I've tried to capture some by color film, but I'm not an expert camera man.

"I've seen sunrise and sunset through the blue gum, the wattle, the box and other Australian trees and tree ferns, over the Pacific Ocean islands, the southeastern coast of Kent, England, the elevation of Mt. Tamalpais

and the Golden Gate Park, Nob Hill and other points of San Francisco, California, evening after evening, along the Lincoln Highway (U.S. 30) in June, the Seattle skyline and a host of other parts of the United States; but never two alike! What a promise of the unending bliss of life evermore when we look clean and clear-eyed in mind at the free view of life offered in 'Come, let us reason together' . . . 'and take of the water of life freely.'

"We have been provided with the greatest art gallery of the world, the Universe, morning, noon and night—(not ladies in mustard pot blasphemies, but)—ever-changing *living* colors *free*—a greater assemblage than any millionaire's collection, Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter; pre-sunrise, sunrise, noon ablaze, sunset and the Northern Lights—'continuous show.'

"Hope to see you soon.

Very truly yours,

C. H. Bullock,
1010 Main St., Evanston, Ill.

With Mr. Bullock's lovely thoughts in mind: that the most beautiful sunsets do not come from clear skies; and that Nature's paintings come free to mankind, we close the Mail Bag.

Your helpful, appreciative and beautiful letters are gratefully received by Dr. Bradley.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER 1 TO 15

7—First Congregational Church, Cook, Minnesota
8—Address. Arrowhead Civic Club, Duluth, Minnesota
8—Three radio addresses: KOAL-WXER-WEBC, Duluth, Minnesota
14—St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ft. William, Canada

CHRISTENINGS

10—Daniel Walter Lappala, born at Cook, Minnesota, Sept. 20, 1949
10—John Scott Lappala, born at Cook, Minnesota, May 24, 1952

Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dan L. Lappala, Christened at Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota, on Sept. 10, 1952

BURIAL SERVICE

9—Mrs. Raye K. Jones of Chicago and Lake Vermilion. Ashes deposited in Big Bay, in Lake Vermilion, at her request.

In 1949 Dr. Bradley consigned the ashes of her husband also, Mr. George Jones, in the same part of the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had spent many summers on the lake, and requested this disposition of their ashes.

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